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The following lines were written by Mr. Leggett a few days before his death. They were the last lines from his pen.

—What is death? But life  
In other forms of being? Life without  
The coarse attributes of man, the dull  
And momentarily decaying holds  
The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down  
To brotherhood with brutes? There's no such thing  
As death: what's called so, is but the beginning  
Of new existence, a fresh segment in  
The eternal round of change.

(W. T. Post.)

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE DAW DROPT AND THE STREAM.

The dawns with golden flowers were crowned,  
And melody was heard around.  
When near a stream a dew-drop shed  
Its lustre on a violet's head,  
While trembling to the breeze it hung;  
The streamlet as it rolled along,  
The beauty of the morn confessed,  
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

"Gone, little drop, rejoice we may,  
For all is beautiful and gay;  
Creation wears her emerald dress,  
And smiles in all her loveliness;  
And with delight and pride I see  
That little flower bedewed by thee;  
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,  
While trembling in its purple eye."

You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,  
Rejoice the radiant drop of dew,  
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,  
To flocks and herds a blessing prove;  
But when the sun ascends on high,  
His beam will draw me to the sky;  
And I must own my humble power—  
I've but refreshed a humble flower."

"Hold!" cries the stream, "nor thus repine,  
For well 'tis known a power divine,  
Subservient to his will supreme,  
Has made the dew drop and the stream;  
Though small thou art, (I that allow)  
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou,  
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,  
And done according to thy power."

All things that are both great and small,  
One glorious end toward them call;  
This thought may all rejoicings quell,  
What serves his purpose, serves him well.

## LECTURE.

Delivered before the "Woodville Lyceum Association," at its last meeting, by S. A. PARRIS, Principal of the Classical School, Woodville, and published by order of the Publishing Committee.

I was once interested in reading an allegory by the poet Parnell, in which the Earth, Care and Jove, were introduced, as quarrelling for the dominion of man. The Earth claimed it because he had been fashioned from her; Jove, because he had formed the soul, and Care, because she had united them.—The matter being referred to Time, he gave this decision:

"Since body from the parent Earth,  
And soul from Jove received a birth;  
Return they where they first began:  
But since this union makes the man,  
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,  
To Care, who joined them, man is due."

This decision is confirmed by Jove in the following words:

"Our empire, Time, shall have his way,  
With Care, I let the creature stay—  
Let business vex him, avarice blind,  
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind;  
Let error act, opinion speak,  
And want afflict, and sickness break,  
And anger burn, and dejection chill,  
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;  
Till armed by Care, and taught to mow,  
Time draws the long destructive blow."

All of us are ready to acknowledge the truth of this in our own circumstances,—we are ready to grumble at the weight that care has laid upon our own shoulders, and are willing to suppose that her iron sceptre presses less heavily upon those of our neighbors.—But there is a class of persons whom we all envy, as if they were free from all the "ills that flesh is heir to," and yet they are the very foot-balls of fortune, the very menials in the work-house of Care! They are termed men of genius. There is a beauty, a power, a majesty in genius that interests all. We have all felt its influence, when we have heard the magic tones of impassioned eloquence in the living speaker—have seen the flashing eyes, the countenance, in which every feature was eloquent, and every change sent a thrill to the heart—or when we have taken the instructive page, where thoughts glowing, fervid and heaven-born were embalmed—not dead and cold, but animating and inspiring—causing the chords of sympathy to vibrate in our bosoms, in unison with those that beat in his who has long since mouldered in the silent tomb.

Some of us have been permitted to follow the flashing torch of genius along the paths of science. Others have seen her take her stand by the temple of justice, and cast the fullness of her radiance upon those immutable principles upon which the happiness of community rests. And we have all been entranced by the strange music of her angel voice; when Genius has snatched the harp of poetry and breathed forth those living strains that seem like fairy whisperings, calling the soul to a more elevated world; a more ethereal home. The monuments she has erected are the beacon-towers of history—"and but for which the past would be

A desert bare; a trackless sea."

A brilliant star has arisen from time to time, spreading a halo of glory around it—and the ages have cast their shades upon its lustre, still its brightness is undimmed, its glory is untarnished, and we look back upon its halcyon influence and rejoice in its brightness as a redeeming spot in the dark history of the past. We are proud to see the efforts of human-genius stamped, with a faint impress of immortality, triumphing over the influence of time and change.

But, in what does genius consist? Not in the vain vagaries of eccentricity; not in the foolish ravings of an over-heated imagination; not in the cold selfishness of misanthropy—these are the blemishes that sometimes tar-

nish its lustre, but are never essential to its existence—the men of the greatest genius are generally free from them. If Byron was misanthropic, it was not until it had been grafted into his too sensitive nature by the too bitter opposition of his enemies. It is not seen so much in men of true genius as in the crowd of servile imitators; the base herd of would-be noticeable dunces, who, with truly apish pertinacity, imitate the foibles of the great. From the derivation of the term, we find that genius is related to creative power, because it has the faculty of "originating new combinations of thought;" from this it may be seen that its efforts are the loftiest exercise of human intellect. Shakespeare says of poetic genius, that

"—as imaginative bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

Genius then, "is that faculty of the mind which calls forth and combines ideas with great rapidity and vivacity, and with an intuitive perception of their congruity or incongruity."—It combines the deepest penetration with the liveliest fancy—the greatest quickness with the most indefatigable diligence and the most resolute perseverance.

As rare combinations of the faculties of the mind are therefore essential to genius, there must be judgment as well as imagination, and the mind must be imbued with that persevering energy that smiles at impediments, scorches difficulties, and braves even impossibilities. A lively imagination is sometimes mistaken for genius, but unless it is aided and governed by judgment, its productions are those incongruous abortions that Horace has compared to the "vain vagaries of a sick man's dream." Genius is a precious deposit, and the responsibilities connected with it are weighty. 'Tis the richest gift ever bestowed by the God of blessings—time and space cannot limit its influences—its aims and objects should be truly honorable and noble.

Tully says "Nihil utile, quod idem non sit honestum, nihil honestum quod idem non sit utile. Et nullum pestem majorem in vitam hominum, invasiorem quam eorum opinionem, qui ista distrabunt." Nothing is beneficial which is not at the same time honorable; nothing is honorable which is not at the same time beneficial—and no evil more pernicious, has corrupted the life of man, than the opinion of those who have separated these.

Genius is a gift that is not to be cherished merely for the gratification of its possessor; he is not to follow every syren call, even tho' it be to fields of pleasure—this were to bury a gift, the advantages of which, belonged to mankind. The bee gathers honey while he hums his morning song; the flowers nourish the future seed, while they smile in beauty, and dispense a profusion of fragrance; the birds sing not for themselves alone—and there is a whisper of benevolence in the breeze, while the leaves among which it plays, dances with delight. And for man to have a soul filled with beauty, overflowing with fulness, and yet cherish it only for his own gratification, is to be unfaithful to himself, unfaithful to his fellow men, and unfaithful to his maker. We do not by this intend to say that he should narrow down his mind to the degrading standard of any sect of utilitarians, either in science or literature; but some definite object should be proposed, and this object should be honorable, noble, and expansive.

St. John Reynolds once said "that if certain sectaries were right, God would have clothed the world in drab," and there are Quakers in morals as well as in dress.

We would like to see the men of genius follow the old maxim of mingling the "utile cum dulce"—let them instruct as well as please—let them purify and elevate as well as entrance and subdue.

The possession of genius must be favorable to virtue. Genius cannot exist without sensibility, while the result of vice, in all its forms, is to blunt and deaden the feelings.—The pleasures of genius are derived from virtuous sources; they delight to gaze upon the elegant, the graceful, the lovely, the beautiful, the wonderful, and the sublime.

"They cannot wade through filth that dulness darts,  
Their nobler spirits soar above the clod,  
They must be pure, whil实现 their bosom bears  
The bright unsullied impress of their God."

We speak here of the general principle, and know that the cases of Byron and Burns, may be brought to oppose the statement.—Burns was the poet of Nature; he had followed her teaching among his own native hills, and when, at length, he came before the world, demanding its patronage and favor, his partial success ruined him. Had he been entirely disappointed, his own genius would have urged him, and enabled him, by a second effort, to have taken his stand among the first of men; as it was, he that might have been the first of men, became the best of "good fellows." No convivial meeting was complete without him, and little did his professed friends think that they were destroying the flower they pretended to cherish.

The genius of Burns has been compared to the pearl of Cleopatra, both in its worth and fortune. The one was moulded by nature in secret, beneath the depths of the ocean; the other was produced and perfected by the same hand, in equal obscurity, on the banks of the Ayr;—the former was suddenly brought forth to light and shone, for a season, on the forehead of imperial beauty; the latter, not less unexpectedly, emerged from the shade and dazzled and delighted a nation in the keeping of a Scottish peasant. The fate of both was the same—each was wantonly dissolved in the cup of pleasure, and quaffed by its possessor in one interminable draught.

The chief mistake concerning genius, lies in the strange notion of natural genius—by

which is meant uncultivated genius. Some would have us suppose that genius was an inhabitant of some other orb, that descends robed in unearthly beauty—that it requires no aid from education, & scarce a sphere in which to act, but, like a comet, it would unexpectedly force itself into notice, shining, dazzling, and astonishing all. This we conceive to be a mistake. A person may possess all the essential qualifications of genius and yet be unable to make any use of his intellectual armor; a child may possess a sword, but it requires the nerve of a man, added to long practice, before it can be wielded with skill. Here we shall be met with a long catalogue of those who have risen from obscurity, among which will be found the names of Shakespeare, a Johnson, a Sherman, and a Franklin, mingled with the names of a host of other worthies.

If education consisted in poring over books for three, six, or a dozen years, in some chartered institution, we might say that a good share of the great men of past ages were uneducated men. But this is not the case, it is acquired by that intense continued application which makes the knowledge sought personal property. It consists, in part, of actual information obtained, but more in that discipline of the mind which enables it to grapple with any subject. If a mind be thus disciplined, every faculty may be brought into requisition, every energy may be made to bear upon one point, the immediate effects of which will be clearness of conception, beauty of arrangement, and faithfulness of delineation.—Both these kinds of education may be acquired without teachers; neither without intense application. Both may be acquired at an advanced period in life;—and, we think the assertion founded on facts, that none of those who have been ranked by their successors as truly great, were destitute of either kind of education.

Was Shakespeare an uncultivated genius? From any of his works, we would be led to suppose that he was a perfect book-worm.—Here is an illustration drawn from real life, and, side by side, is a gem sparkling and brilliant, drawn from the sciences, and another from the relics of antiquity. Here is the practical philosopher, there the schoolmaster; in every department he is at home; in every one the same—unrivaled and unapproachable. Is an ancient subject introduced?—he shows a more minute knowledge of the history of the times than its professed historian; is it a subject of fancy?—it teems with a profusion of beauties from his own imagination, it calls upon the heart with a "breath of music," and blends its cause with the energy of a "soul of fire." If Shakespeare came into the world endowed with that magic fire that tinged every thing with which it comes in contact, with its own heavenly hue, it would have given a faint, flickering and uncertain light, had it not been cherished by all the aids that science and research could afford.

Was Franklin an uneducated man? he was a printer's boy; he was not favored by having his energies lulled into inactivity in the lap of affluence. He knew that he had to depend upon himself, and being endowed with that application and perseverance that makes every thing easy, the difficulties of science vanished before the youthful aspirant, rapidly and constantly. By improving every leisure moment, he was possessed, before he became a man, of a thorough education, not showy, but useful. Gibbon has said that every great man passes through two courses of education, the first from his teachers, the second, and more important from himself. If Dr. Franklin was deficient in the first, the deficiency was more than supplied by the second. Look at his plan for improvement in composition! He says, in one of his letters, that when he was quite young, he bought an old volume of the Spectator, and as he was pleased with the style, he wished to imitate it; that he might do this, he selected some of the essays and drew off concise summaries of them; having laid them aside for a few days, he attempted to restore them to their original forms,—afterwards the faults were evident by comparing his with the original essay. "By continuing in this course," he says, "I acquired the small skill that I may possess as a writer;"—and this was his course in every department. Being endowed with a mind that no difficulties could overcome, no hardships tire, and whose chief characteristic was perseverance, his whole life was a course of improvement, till at length he was able to take his seat, not only among those who dared to brave the British Lion, and snatch the brightest jewel from the crown of the British King, but among the world's sages, whose object has been to improve mankind—whose glory is not confined to one nation, but is heard wherever there are minds to think, or hearts to feel.

But, as this mistake with regard to natural or uncultivated genius, is applied more particularly to authors, I shall confine my remarks to them. I know that the hackneyed expression of Horace, "poeta nascitur non fit," is usually misquoted, to uphold the uselessness of education; yet, in another place, he says—"vos exemplaria Græcæ, nocturna verasate manu, verasate diurna." But we will take his own decision, as expressed in his Ars Poetica,—"It has been made a question," says he,—"whether good poetry be derived from nature or art. For my part I cannot conceive what study can do without a rich natural vein, or what rude genius can do of itself, so much does the one require the assistance of the other, and so amiably do they conspire to produce the same effect." To illustrate this decision, I will refer to the case of the historian Gibbon. He had little regular instruction until near 16 years of age, on account of poor

health, and showed no fondness for learning, unless it were in a little desultory reading, until he took up his residence in Switzerland. There, without a teacher, and without any peculiar advantages, he commenced his real education. To form a correct and concise style, he passed weeks in translating the works of Tacitus into English, & recovering them to Latin, in the vain but useful attempt of striving to equal his Roman model in the chasteness of his diction and conciseness of expression—to discipline his mind and at the same time cultivate his imagination, he read and re-read the works of Homer. No design was too laborious to attempt, and scarce a moment useless enough to be lost. What was the effect of this course? The man who, as a boy, was considered almost a dunce, in about two years, took his stand among the first in the host of English literati.

We have all, probably, been surprised at the power of Scott in describing scenery. How did he obtain this power? Was it by trusting his own natural genius? It is known that he seldom attempted to describe situations that he had not seen, and his historian declares that, not contented with noticing the general outlines of the place, he would examine it with his note-book in his hand, and note even the wild flowers that grew by his path. It was by cultivating this habit of close and minute observation, that the "Wizzard of the North" was able to multiply his scenes without sameness. We have dwelt thus long upon this error in supposing genius sufficient, of itself, without the aid of education, because it is a mischievous error. A belief in it, not only strikes a severe blow at the cause of education, but injures many young persons of real talent. It is the fault of strong imaginations to be impatient of delay; to be dazzled by the brilliancy of their own conceptions;—they trust to their own powers, and despise the caution which would lead them to cultivate before they looked for a harvest; but when disappointment has thrown her dark pall over their brightest hopes, and their faintest visions take the ashly paleness of the grave, then an end, like that of Chatterton, proves the keenness of the stings of despair. Sometimes their disappointment brings with it the listlessness of imbecility.

"And like a flame unfed, which runs to waste  
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by  
Which eats into itself and rusts ingloriously,"

they are lost to the world; and often too, the wretched garter, the maniac's cell, or the suicides' grave, have concealed lights which, if properly timed, would have burned long and brightly. Why, then, would you cease to cultivate a soil because it was rich? An intellectual giant can never say that he has reached the highest attainable point; and even a Newton, after discoveries that none have equalled, compared the labors of his life by a "child gathering shells upon the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him." It is a mistake to suppose that genius is a gift so seldom bestowed. Genius, in its highest developments, belongs, it is admitted, to few, yet, at certain times, we see many men of genius arise, at others none. This can be accounted for in no way but by supposing that certain stimulants to exertion operate at one time which did not at another, so the scarcity of great names does not prove the rareness of the gift, but substantiates the fact that exertion is requisite to polish the diamond, or half its beauties will remain unknown.

From what has been said, while speaking of the necessity of education, it is evident that adversity is not a successful barrier against the attempts of genius. The rude blasts of autumn may wither the fragile flower, but to the oak it is a friend, it warms it to take still deeper root, disrobes it of its useless leaves, and prepares it to put forth a foliage still more abundant and beautiful. We know that a beautiful poet of the past century has commented one of his poems with the exclamation,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with fortune an eternal war,  
Checked by the scold of pride, by envy's frown,  
And poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropt into the grave untripped & unknown."

Although the early graves of a Collins, a Keats, and a Kirk White, will forever stand as monuments of the neglect of a misjudging world, yet the consenting records of the past proclaim that genius in its upward flight cannot be hampered by scorn or stopped by opposition. Its greatest enemy is idleness, this is the loathsome worm that spoils the fairest buds of promise.

In our own country, every thing is favorable; the spirit of our constitution insures success; and if ever inspiration was drawn from nature, then to look at our majestic rivers that span a hemisphere; our mountains, graceful in their outline; our lakes, deep as the unfathomable sea, yet clear as the mountain springs; our cataracts, speaking in eternal thunder; or the gorgeous richness of an autumn scene; would wake the latent energies of the soul, and urge it to its noblest efforts; they would give the mind an idea of the highest height of sublimity, the greatest exertion of power, the purest personification of loveliness, and afford a fairy field where patriotism might revel in delight.

A cabin boy on board of a man-of-war, was called to be flogged for some misdemeanor; little Jack went trembling and crying, confessed his fault and then said, "Won't you wait until I say my prayers before you whip me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly—"I'll never say 'em."

Misfortune and exile combined.  
In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in market place, he was compelled to stop by a large row of wagons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier gracefully so dead to the emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by the by, were young and pretty country women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chance to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognised immediately, burst out laughing.

"What is it you?" exclaimed she.  
"Yes, indeed it is I, but you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on."  
I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market.

At that moment the wagons began to move along, as the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she lived, requested him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted to the spot, by this strange apparition. Who was this young market woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoiselle de Lillon?) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis, the Sixteenth King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends & admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young and lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only time to attend to such duties as belonged to her high fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the Royal Palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in fleeing from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where they were busy with the work of death. Alas! in those times of terror, the poor children, themselves abandoned with joy, the parental roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty and fashionable lady, banished from luxury by loud and continual praise of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration, indeed her conduct always had been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among the unsophisticated republicans, (1794) what was the use of courtly refinements? A thorough knowledge of "La Boons Farmer," of Parmentier seemed to him quite preferable to a *rondeau* of Clementi; or "La Coquette" of Hermann.

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with a prudent foresight of a good father and kind husband, he served himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them, was exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good natured, well-meaning woman, who, on every occasion, evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder, yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread, lest the conversation of that good, plain, and well-meaning woman, might be the cause of great ennuie to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such a gentleman as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high minded and polished nobility of France! When ever he was thinking of his sad transition, particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit he felt such pangs and heart throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller, to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile, his good hostess would give him a good shake by the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o-all trades; namely, gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruits, & carried as long as possible. On his return home, his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, saw a young country woman who with her back to the door was mending the rag, her arms of a snowy whiteness, was bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her musics and silks, for a country dress, not for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmers wife. At the sight of her husband, her cheeks crimsoned and she pointed her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh, my love, said she, 'don't laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learned, that when he thought her giving up to despair, she had employed her time usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months, had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough house-keeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. We in a moment understand what would cost a country woman sometimes one or